

The End: A Father Redeemed

by Kari

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Summary: A sequel to "A Virgin Mother." Anakin is rescued from the Dark Side.

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By Kari Raines @ TrekGirl12000@netscape.net

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Feedback please?

A sequel to "The Beginning: A Virgin Mother"

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"Now . . . go, my son."

The words were forced out of his breath as he looked up into Luke's face--his son's face.

Luke's blue searched him frantically, unbelieving. Never before had he really looked into his son's eyes, but as he did, he could see himself at that age, peering out at him. A spirited youth at twenty-three. When Anakin was twenty-three, he had wanted to become a Jedi, much like Luke.

And he had been in love. Anakin closed his eyes, remembering his beautiful, beloved wife. Padme, I'm so sorry for betraying you. I never stopped loving you. He looked over his son's shoulder at the smiling figure of his wife. She was reaching a hand down to him, beckoning him with her loving kindness. Padme, his angel. He realized that she forgave him. After all he had put her through, she forgave him.

"Father, I won't leave you." The sound of his son's voice brought him

back. His voice was so desperate; pleading. Thank you, Luke. Thank you, my son, for saving me.

He took a breath. One more thing to say . . . "Tell your sister . . . tell your sister you were right." He smiled then, despite his pain. "You were right about me."

He closed his eyes again, for the last time. He could feel Luke's gaze on him. He thought about Leia in his last moments. The daughter he had never known--the daughter whose home he had destroyed. He never expected her to forgive him for that. But at the very least, perhaps Luke would make her understand that he had done the right thing at the end. He wished that he had known them both. He wished that he and Padme had raised them together.

It was raining now. Raining, like the day he was born. Anakin could feel his mother's warmth near him, and he knew he was safe.

Another raindrop. Or were those Luke's tears? But Luke was gone now, and Anakin was with all the people who had ever cared for him--Padme, his mother, Qui-Gon, Obi-Wan, Yoda . . . they were all in this place--whatever it was. And they all forgave him.

"Welcome, Annie," his mother was saying as she took him in a warm embrace.

"Welcome home."

End  
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